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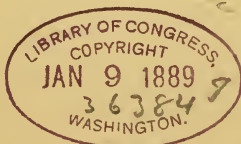
# CHERRIES

FROM A

## YOUNG TREE.

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HERR CHERRY-TREE.



*edw.*  
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BY  
E. T. KIRSCHBAUM.

*No. 9. grafton*

PS 2196

.K3C4

## PREFACE.

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That the all too patient public have cause to complain over the superabundancy of versifications, "goes without saying;" that I should add another ingredient to the dose already indigestible, suggests no little inconsideration on my part, and which must preface the preparation as obnoxious.

But the truth of it is, I have got tired of lighting the fire with similar productions—melancholy, over the fact that my dog should show such a fondness for chewing them up;—and determined that the rag-man shall suffer no longer by like destructions, but be "in at the death" a little later on.

HERR CHERRYTREE.

## THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

---

I will ask you to go with me up three  
Flights of stairs ;—they are steep, rickety,  
And it seems a long way up, but we soon  
Get to the top, and doing so we  
Will enter a small attic chamber :  
The moon has arrived just ahead of us  
And its silvery beams come pouring in  
At the shattered window ;—in one corner  
Of the room a youth is lying, hidden  
Partially from view by a few ragged  
Coverings ; at the other end of the  
Room sits a poor wayworn looking creature.  
Her eyes red with weeping and fixed upon  
The feeble blaze of a few dying embers ;  
And this is what she says :—" My prayer  
Is answered ! that eternal prayer has  
Been that I might see my darling boy close  
His eyes in death, ere it stung this withered  
Frame, and when death shall force its way upon  
This lingering life I can welcome it  
In peace, thinking at my dying hour that  
I have not left an idiot to face  
This cruel, heartless world, and I shall meet  
My little family at the fireside  
Of an eternal home !" " How well do I  
Remember the day when all my trials  
Vanished and Heaven seemed to smile on my  
Little home ; when I was thanking God for  
His most bountiful gifts, the door of this  
Room slowly opened and strange men entered,  
Bearing in their arms my little boy ! they  
Soothed my sobs, by telling me he could not  
Live, that he had been hit by a stone which  
Would make an idiot of him—a helpless  
Burden to a poverty-stricken mother !"   
He brought no words of comfort to my careworn

a.m.p., Nov. 22, 1926

Head, he gave no helping hand to my dreary  
 Work, yet I will miss him ;—he was my boy !  
 And, I will miss him when the village  
 Bells toll the Sabbath hour, as he took his  
 Little Bible in his hand and his steps  
 Led him to the neighboring church, there crouched  
 In some far off corner, he would sit and  
 Look with wonder on its golden edges ;  
 And when the service was ended he would  
 Come running down the lane in his foolish  
 Glee ;—his earthly life is past, and now perhaps  
 Each truth bound beneath those golden edges,  
 Momently reveals itself to a happy,  
 Sinless mind !” “ And when the cares of this world  
 Shall crowd about my weary head and dark  
 Clouds overshadow my life, one thought will  
 Linger with me still to break the threatening  
 Mist ; as he lay dying on this damp, cold  
 Floor, and I held his aching head, though it  
 Were forbidden him to speak with sense, yet  
 His face bore a calm and thankful smile ; and  
 As I have often beckoned to him at  
 The twilight hour, may he soon beckon to  
 Me when I shall turn the last bend in the  
 Road of life !” I, the only mourner, will  
 Follow the pauper’s hearse as it wends its  
 Way slowly to the church-yard, where flowers  
 Bloom and fade, where crickets chirp their vespers.

## THE BEGGAR'S VESPER.

---

The last rays of the setting sun were falling  
 In the attic of a nearly deserted  
 Dwelling ; an old man is sitting by the  
 Window looking out upon the market  
 Place. I cannot look upon his withered  
 Frame and whitened hair, without thinking that  
 His life with the sun is setting, and now  
 Its rays are faintly glimmering—Clumsy  
 Falls a tread upon the hollow sounding  
 Stairs, a smile flits across the old man's face,  
 And his eyes, though dimmed with age, sparkle in  
 Youthful glow ; the door opens and a little  
 Cripple hobbles into the room. Her face  
 Is familiar, for I have seen her plodding  
 Her way home from school, never joining the  
 Sports of her playmates. The vesper bells had  
 Now commenced their evening chimes, and these children,  
 One a child with God, the other with man,  
 Were listening to their evening hymns ;—" My child,  
 For us the vesper bells have chimed their evening  
 Hymns, and this pleasant silence, that steals upon  
 Us, with the shadows of the night, is our  
 Silent Prayer !—let us, as they within  
 The distant church, bow in silent reverence  
 To one Divine, and the little cripple  
 Knelt upon the floor with her hands fervently  
 Clasped, gave her the aspect of an angel.  
 As the western hills glowed in their sunset  
 Garb, so her thoughts glowed in the invisible  
 Garb of happiness : the old man awoke  
 From his dreaming thoughts to look with pleasure  
 Upon the little wayfarer that knelt  
 Beside him, but now the curtain of night  
 Has shielded them from our view and casts from  
 Its folds of darkness the needful sleep.

## THE RENEGADE.

---

Scene :—A wood ; Philip, the Sachem, is sitting near a few blazing fagots, seeming in deep thought : by his side sleeps his little son.

Beneath yon nighted shades, sleep the remnant  
Of my little band ;—encamped where death is  
Sentry. Ah ! the sainted ones of creed have  
Else than befooled me, our homes are laid waste,  
Our pleasant camp-fires treacherous comforts !  
My tattered force, strewn like the autumn leaves,  
And, as the naked shrub yields to the storm,  
So, I must bow to their prosperous sway.  
The Indian hath sheltered those who have  
Made him homeless ! Ah ! he hop'd for those, who  
Have filled him with despair ! he welcom'd those  
To whom he bids no farewell ; aye ! curs'd be  
They, who like the viper seem to fondle,  
Yet, move with deadly aim ! Night, has thrown its  
Cloak about me, and ere it be too late  
I must scan our darksome way.

(As he is about to leave, the Renegade  
enters, wasted and wayworn.)

Alas ! what

Evil spirit hath led thee to this wood ?

*Renegade :*

The spirit of Revenge !

*Philip :*

Miscreant ! is

Not my wretched lot enough to move thy  
Harden'd heart, or hath a fifth sense ne'er been  
Quoted in thy frame ?

*Renegade :*

Dolt ? thy prating tongue  
Doth flatter thee ! the name fool quests pity ;  
Benighted is he that gives thee such ; thou  
Hast slain my brother ! gloat filled thine eyes as



They watched the blood that flow'd from his youthful  
 Form ; he who would invoke the blessings of  
 Peace ; and thou did'st smote him to the earth, aye,  
 Leaving him for the raven's meal ! But one  
 More like the just than thee, laid him beneath  
 The woodland's turf, where the cypress bends in  
 Mournful attitude and the rustling leaves  
 Alone pay heed to his sepulchre : I  
 Come to avenge the wronged !

*Philip :*

As the wayworn  
 Traveller greets the nearing hut, so I  
 Welcome the approach of death ! the resistive  
 Abode, that dawns in peaceful aspect at  
 The bend of life. Long have I baffl'd the  
 White man ; longer, I cannot oppose ; my  
 Heart is sad, my spirit broken ; like the  
 Wounded doe, I seek the quiet inlet,  
 But my blood betrays me. Traitor !! my breast  
 Is bare.

*Renegade :*

How with thy brat ? Dost hear the cries  
 That plead for thy return ? Know'st thou that the  
 Light of civilization will be to  
 Him an Ignis Fatuus ? from its circling  
 Depths never can he retreat.

*Philip :*

Faithless wretch !  
 As thou has belied the blood that suckl'd  
 Thee, so may that, which thou dost foster, meet  
 Thee likewise !

(The boy has awakened and recognizing  
 the Renegade, runs to his side.)

Oh ! God ! he greets thy coming.  
 Ah ! it seems as though it were of yester  
 Noon, that he played upon thy knee ; that his  
 Hand was clasped about thy neck ; O ! death ! bid  
 The poor sachem pass within that camp, where  
 Sleep soothes the troubl'd head and rests the weary  
 Fugitive !

*Renegade :*

Ha ! that scene doth gall my soul !  
 Memory ! thou conscientious blab, would'st  
 Balk me here ? tut, this is nature's whim. Brat,  
 Away ! thy presence would make an oaf of  
 Me. Murderer ! we are quits, when this blade  
 Shall find its sheath within thy heart.

(He rushes upon him : they fight : Philip  
 falls fatally wounded : his child runs to  
 him, Philip grasps his knife and stabs  
 him as the Renegade is about to tear  
 him away.)

Fooled ? Ah !

Flesh, thou drudge to the thought, I would give thee  
 Liberty ;—could it be in death ? the night  
 To all, wherein the sleeper need not turn  
 His pillow o'er ; Alas ! should I in the  
 Stead of peace find a hell : whither then my  
 Soul ? Ah ! presuming tenant of this mortal  
 Dwelling ! I cast thee out ! thou art to all  
 A stranger, yet, death will take thee in.

(Stabs himself.)

## MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

---

Scene :—The gateway of Heaven ;—the guard arousing from sleep.

*The Guard :*

Heyday ! no one here ! incomparable !  
 Never before has such occurred with me ;  
 Methinks the fair Mors has been negligent,  
 Or, some, perhaps, have passed unobserved. It  
 Is true I slept soundly ; and yet, the jar  
 Of the gate usually awakens  
 Me : I'll see ; Ah ! who's that, his maneuvers  
 Are unfamiliar, (Beckons to some one on the inside,)  
 Hither ! with thyself !

(Enter John Calvin through the gate,)  
I would see thy pass !

*John Calvin :*

I am without such,  
I neglected to obtain one upon  
My arrival.

*The Guard :*

Sneaking it, hey ?

*John Calvin :*

Sir ? I

Found thee asleep when I came, and seeming  
So weary, that I would have awakened  
Thee against my own conscience ; and thinking  
That I should meet with some who knew me, I  
Entered to find every thing very strange !

*The Guard :*

Truly ! who art thou, that thou should'st have the  
Audacity to take such upon thyself ?  
This is the gate of Heaven !

*John Calvin :*

I am John

Calvin ;—more, he who has serviced life for  
The master ; I am the founder of the  
Baptist faith !

*The Guard :*

Enter, pass upon the left,  
This will admit thee to thy abiding.  
(After giving check, J. C. passes through gate.)  
Methinks *that* fellow must have scaled the wall,  
I perceived a tear upon his breeches.  
Ah ! why here gospel monger ?

(Enter Mr. Illhumored, with Bible under his arm, who  
meekly discloses himself.)

*Mr. Illhumored :*

Verily !

I am a preacher of the blessed word,  
I have attended church since the first day  
I adorned short clothes ; I have with me praise-  
Worthy remarks of my ability  
To fill the pastorate of the Methodist  
Creed ; I have nightly prayed for the sceptic,

The heathen, and have visited sisters  
Of my flock when ill inclined ; I  
Am very amiable, although my  
Name bespeaks the reverse ; I plead therefore !

*The Guard :*

Have done ! prattler ! and pass upon the right ;  
At the farther end of the domicile  
You will perceive the name signifying  
Thy sect ; this check will admit thee ; hold no  
Conversation with those whom you may meet  
On the way, for they are members of the  
Jury and are now out on a case ; Oh !

(Exit Mr. Illhumored.)

Dear ! I am sick of this business ; I have  
Grown poor since I have held the position ;—  
Spiritual food may be a healthy  
Diet, but never sates my appetite.

(Singing within.)

There ! he is welcome on the beautiful  
Shore ; Ah ! that confounded hymn has duped me  
Of more rest than it has the Devil of  
Souls : Ha ! (Enter a poor trembling indian.)

What unsightly thing is this ? so  
Trembling ! who art thou and what hast thou done  
That *thou* should'st look for entrance here ? what *thy*  
Creed ? have out thy say !

*The Indian :*

*I have done nothing !*

I have no creed ! I am uncivilized !  
Untaught ! wild ! I am an indian !  
Yet, I believe in the " Great Spirit."

*The Guard :*

Get

Thee in ! and where *thou* art disposed to go,  
So goest thou ; Heaven is wide to thee.

## THE RABBIT HUNTER.

---

I am a great rabbit hunter  
 And noiseless on the tread ;  
 My dog, he is a cooler,  
 A perfect thoroughbred !

My gun, 'tis made of finest tin,  
 When others I cannot borrow,  
 And just the same through thick or thin  
 The rabbits yell with sorrow !

'Twas yesterday we struck a track  
 And followed it for half a mile,  
 And when we came up to the scratch  
 We found we'd only struck "a smile."

For there in the bushes so neat  
 Lay a pint of the hunter's kit ;  
 And but for my protruding feet,  
 Dog included, we'd had a rare-bit !

---

## A RAILROAD CROSSING.

---

There is a railroad crossing,  
 Not very far away !  
 And the signal gives the warning  
 At night and break of day.

"Lookout" is the word that's given  
 On the towering post at hand,  
 And your chances are about even  
 For the happier, better land !

For they are always running  
 At an ever heedless rate,  
 And the public in travelling  
 Are simply making them great !

And when you're at the crossing,  
 In the dark hours of night,  
 Take a yankee for guessing,  
 The bell will not be right !

But the expresses will be coming,  
 With their loads of human freight !  
 And the bell will do its ringing,  
 When it is all too late !

Now it is only a question,  
 And to their great delight,  
 When we give them the signal  
 And furnish them the light !

And when in the near future  
 You are obliged to cross,  
 A red light is the feature  
 On the nose of your horse !

---

## PURGATORY.

---

We visited the place to-day,  
 Where a rumored hell is found ;—  
 We roamed along its rugged way  
 But saw no Devil around.

We sat upon the great high rocks  
 That look the chasm o'er,  
 But saw none of his puny flocks  
 And heard no streams of gore.

We threw him crackers by the bunch,  
 With a lighted fuse on each ;—  
 And had he really craved a lunch,  
 We were food within his reach !

We left our names to catch his sight  
 And sauced him at his cave ;—  
 And when he goes down home to-night  
 I know he'll wildly rave.

But I'm sure he was not there ;  
 Does he get his beer at " Plympt's ?"  
 If so we passed his fabled mare  
 With two of his drunken imps.

A NEW FOWL-PIECE.

---

Of sensations rich and rare  
I have one to relate,  
And though it started quite a scare,  
It justly took the cake.

About a noisy little pug  
That started well the town,  
By getting all his daily grub  
In running chickens down.

He killed his neighbor's one by one,  
The rest got up and fled ;—  
And when he saw what he had done  
He merely scratched his head !

The neighbor he came home  
To find his breeders dead,  
When he sat down upon a stone  
And likewise scratched his head !

The dog looked back and saw him there,  
Shaking his troubled pate ;—  
When up he went into the air,  
Just where, I can't relate.

The owner hunted for his Ben  
And talked of war and peace,  
But Ben had met a different hen  
And skipped with a new fowl-piece.

## ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

---

These are words we hear every day  
 As we pass the crossing gate,  
 Only a brakeman over the way,  
 Killed by the down coming freight.

Only a brakeman, that is all !  
 Lying dead on our coal-house floor ;—  
 In answer to the whistle's call  
 A member of the down-brakes corps !

Only a coroner, that is all !  
 Attending now the final rites ;—  
 Only a brakeman, that is all !  
 That he in his diary writes.

Only a home, forever gone !  
 Only a face, forever sad !  
 This is the railroad's daily song  
 As they wave their blood colored flag.

Only a stock-holder, that is all !  
 Counting now his worldly gains—  
 Who reads not of the brakeman's fall  
 Nor feels his terrible pains—

Only a company, getting rich !  
 In an undertaker's style,  
 With a life for every switch  
 And funeral for every mile !

Only a God, that is all !  
 President of the finest line—  
 Where none smash up, nor brakemen fall,  
 And they make their regular time.

Only justice, that is all !  
 Final statement of railroad gains,  
 When dividends take the fall  
 And stock-holders divide the pains.



## THE MILL ON THE DAMN-SIDE.

---

A corporation skirts the town,  
Polluting every germ of health  
By hiring children scarcely grown,  
While they speed on toward wealth.

The mill suggests ! the curse survives !  
Of slaving children for their gain ;  
While social law protects their lives  
And boldly will their rights sustain.

The notice hangs within their doors,  
But only for the blind to read,  
For this is what they tell their boys,  
If they to sixty hours agreed.

A lock is on this prison door,  
A watch is stationed at the gate,  
They care not for the ten hour law  
And spurn the orders of our State !

They'd hire our babes when first they creep,  
If they could spin the twisting thread ;—  
They figure *only* what is cheap  
And know the need is daily bread !

Our town is small, but well awake  
To an illegal glass of beer ;—  
And well offenders know their fate  
When they attempt the traffic here.

The mill still here polluting thrives,  
Defiant to all posted laws !  
And children more will slave their lives  
Before they'll fear the eagle's claws !

The mill still rules ! the curse survives !  
'Tis twisted in their very thread,  
'Twill spool upon their moneyed lives  
And follow them when they are dead !

THE BROKEN VASE.

---

Beside yon humbly mounded grave,  
Wherein some form now lowly lies,  
A broken vase imparts the love,  
That a withered flower implies !

The sweetness of its dying blush  
Has sought a milder atmosphere,  
And like the soul that leaves the dust  
To move within another sphere,

The grave is but the broken vase  
Wherein we place the treasured gem,  
To meet with that mysterious fate  
That claims a wisdom over men !

Lone inmate of this shaded spot,  
The solitude of death is thine !  
I, too, some day will share thy lot  
And but await unfolding time.

The churchyard gloom shall then be mine,  
O ! will some stranger gently place  
A fragrant blooming jessamine  
Within *my* stained and broken vase !

That it may stop some passer-by  
To look upon its wilted sedge,  
And think as I have learned to sigh  
The fragrance of its life is fled.

## THE DEATH OF THEODORE BEANE.

---

There's a footprint for the purest snow,  
 A death-knock for the slighted door ;—  
 There's a rough impression of sorrow  
 That each heart alone must endure.

Each hearthstone has its dying ember,  
 That lingers on with feeble glow ;—  
 Each fireside its elder member  
 That while others stay it must go.

And thus 'tis those that dying leave us,  
 That light the pathway to the goal,  
 That otherwise would seem treacherous,  
 To the weary wandering soul !

For death, like the snow that's falling  
 On this cheerless wintry day,  
 Is with its mission hastening  
 Hopeful spring on her joyous way.

---

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

---

I stood beside the place to-day  
 And looked upon the grass grown mound,  
 Wherein my dear, good mother lay,  
 At rest in death, asleep profound !

I lingered long beside the grave,  
 The essential spot, the chiseled stone ;—  
 With heavy heart respectfully paid,  
 I left as I had come, alone !

But with each step there seemed to come,  
 A spirit quite along the street ;—  
 That brought to mind my dear old home,  
 Now gone ! forever obsolete !

I tried my mind to occupy,  
 With thoughts of far different mood ;—  
 But the spirit seemed forever by,  
 Hasten or linger as I would.

I leaned against the old stone wall  
 And brushed the tell-tale tears away,  
 Filled with a more fervent resolve  
 That I would do her will next day.

And the haunt seemed to have left me,  
 As I journeyed my way along ;—  
 New thoughts now came up before me  
 And gave the finish to my song.

## THE GOLDEN SHELL.

A little maid wanders by the sea,  
 Gathering golden shells for me ;—  
 Filling her pretty pinafore  
 Heedless of the waves that wet her o'er :  
 Her limbs are graced in nature's hose,  
 Her hair is like the shells in glow.  
 Ah ! she hath passed, to come no more,  
 No, though I saunter o'er and o'er,  
 The sands will ne'er again relate  
 That I have tarried, I am late ;—  
 Yet I too shall go her way,  
 Oh ! should it seem like one dark day,  
 Void of a light to guide me on,  
 Oh ! faith, wilt thou be ever strong?  
 And let me take her golden shell,  
 To know that it may only tell,  
 Of her who has gone before !  
 Who leaves me wandering on the shore.

## BEN AND MA. °

The service was ending,  
 The hat was going round ;—  
 And the coins falling  
 Gave a musical sound.

It was up to the banker,  
 At his ease giving hand ;—  
 And he mortgaged a bumper  
 On the promising land !

And his handsome daughter,  
 With her queenly smile,  
 Had folded another  
 For the carpeted aisle.

But the deacon, bowing,  
 Passed on his way ;  
 While a kid sat pointing  
 Where the fiver lay !

Still, with assuming grace,  
 The deacon held the hat,  
 'Till he came face to face  
 Before the anxious brat.

And nearly bending in two  
 Lending his abler ear,  
 He leaned far over the pew  
 That he'd distinctly hear.

“ You dropped a fiver, ‘ Snell,’  
 The seventh pew beyond ;  
 I saw it as it fell,  
 It came from Mister Pond.”

Straightway the aisle he went  
 To where the fiver lay ;—  
 And when he his body bent  
 A voice came : “ let us pray.”

And there to the kid's delight,  
 Not daring to stand up,  
 Deacon held the fiver tight—  
 Another "V" he cut !

The mother could no longer bear,  
 She made those pants for Ben ;—  
 A well placed grip, an awful tear,  
 And then the chant, Amen !

The congregation they filed out,  
 While Ben and ma they stayed behind,  
 For ma had been a trifle stout  
 And pantaloons are seldom lined.

### MISS GOSSIP.

My maiden name is Gossip  
 And I've had many a chance ;  
 But I would never swop it—  
 Not at the very first glance.

No, I prefer to remain single  
 Just as long as I can,  
 If my tongue is in the middle  
 I wouldn't be a man !

I know I'm not invited  
 To the entertainment of ours ;  
 But even if I'm slighted  
 I know who keeps these late hours.

There's that silly Miss so-and-so,  
 With all her airy airs ;  
 I knew she went to see " Zozo,"  
 And had orchestra chairs.

Why, and look at that new dress,  
 With its astonishing plait !  
 Now isn't it enough to distress  
 Those who try to look neat ?

Why, if she was my daughter  
 And I had anything to say !  
 Now you know, I'd just walk her  
 In a promising way.

They say I'm a great talker  
 And heaping full of gad ;—  
 And because she isn't my daughter  
 I am terribly mad.

Gracious Lord ! do you suppose  
 That I'd have a man about ?  
 Well, no ! not for all the clothes  
 This here town could turn out.

Ah ! isn't that a stranger ?  
 Why, who else can it be ?  
 What an awful neat stepper,  
 I'll just go out and see.

I never was so mistaken,  
 Who do you suppose 'tis ?  
 Why, it's that young Mister Chapin  
 Without that beard of his.

Oh ! I'm in such a flutter,  
 These wicked, thoughtless men !  
 They don't care how they start yer,  
 But they'l never say "when."

## MY INVITATION.

---

I've had an invitation  
 To a very swell affair ;—  
 And my basket of provision  
 Entitles me a chair.

'Twill be a selected social  
 For only a chosen few,  
 But in the grand old total  
 I shall be there with both feet, too.

For we are the people  
 And distinct from the rest,  
 As the methodist steeple  
 Is like Bartholdi's best.

Oh ! society is the stuff,  
 Especially in a little town ;—  
 I say it's a game of bluff  
 Played only by a clown !

Now remember this timely tip  
 And take it with you home ;—  
 Village eyes are sizing it,  
 'Tis for all, not you alone.

But thinking of that invitation,  
 That finally comes to all—  
 Of that grand association  
 Where God alone will call !

Will you be among the chosen  
 Selected with the few ?  
 Assessors they are holden  
 To keep the records true.

For there we'll have society,  
 Without the silk and satin flounce,  
 And cod-fish aristocracy,  
 Will surely get the bounce.



## THE ESCAPE.

---

Dying in a prison ward  
 A wounded convict lay ;  
 His head pillowed by a pard  
 Who wore the prison grey.

Just at his side a letter,  
 Begrimmed by frequent care,  
 And in his cell the jailer  
 Sat, in the only chair.

A little pet canary,  
 Though doubly caged by fate,  
 Was singing sweet and cheery  
 Within the walls so great.

I am dying, he would say,  
 To shield another's wrong,  
 Wondering he passed the day,  
 At night his soul was gone.

And before he breathed his last  
 He rose up in his bed ;—  
 With his eyes a setting fast  
 In broken accents said :

“ I'm going ‘ Pard ! ’—I'm going !  
 I've scaled the wall this time,  
 I hear the guards, they're firing  
 Along the watchful line ! ”

“ Say ‘ Pard ! ’ they'll be suspended !  
 They're shooting wide to-night ; ”—  
 And here his soul ascended  
 From darkness into light !

## OUR VILLAGE.

---

Our thriving village you will find,  
 Within great W———r's wide domain ;—  
 And though in size we're far behind,  
 We take a place in point of fame.

We are a fly-speck of a place,  
 Surrounded by great wooded hills ;—  
 Where wind and gossip daily race  
 And neighbors know each other's ills.

'Twas here great Belcher came in state.  
 With title for the infant town ;—  
 While Indians with surplus great  
 Were lining out the new sold ground.

And now we note our present age,  
 When woods give way to stately homes ;—  
 And iron rails surpass the stage,  
 Connecting us with many zones.

We have our schools and churches too,  
 Where godly words do not attract ;—  
 For empty most is every pew,  
 While rabbits they can swear to that.

We have our great societies,  
 Where morals they alone exist ;—  
 And none have improprieties,  
 As our history will insist.

We have our big and little men,  
 Who used to do the town with paint ;—  
 But now, they all get in at ten  
 Or put up with their wife's complaint.

We have our wills and law disputes,  
 Where honest bills will scarcely hold ;—  
 And few succeed with good reputes  
 While flip and forward stalk the bold.

We have our air-gun gallery,  
 A banker for our tid-bit change ;—  
 With target nailed beneath the tree  
 And trains on wing for finer range.

We have our corner grocery shop,  
 Where villagers will nightly gad ;—  
 To take their share of home-brewed hop  
 And really prove it's not so bad.

We used to have a big brass band,  
 That filled the night with mad refrains ;—  
 But cats were soon to leave the land,  
 And cracked became our window panes.

We have our slim and buxom girls,  
 Who think they put the town to sleep ;—  
 Who spread broadcast the latest frills  
 And really make us obsolete.

In fact we share our worldly fame  
 Like other towns within the State ;—  
 I fain would give our proper name,  
 But we are quite N—— G—— of late.

### OUR EPIDEMIC.

An epidemic 's in the town,  
 That baffles local skill ;—  
 And but for one of great renown  
 We'd all be very ill.

A sort of craze has struck the place,  
 A seeming ill at ease ;—  
 And though deplorable the case  
 We have no real disease.

If we were really, truly sick,  
 Our own physician he would do ;—  
 But if our heart should beat too quick,  
 His cure, alone, can bring us to.

For that requires a man of skill,  
 A doctor of great renown !  
 Who gives soft soap with every pill  
 And is helping all the town.

Everybody is on his book,  
 With special calls for each ;—  
 His office is a cozy nook  
 With very shady street.

And the latest acquisition,  
 Is one of Hermit fame,  
 Who finds that this Physician  
 Can cure Rheumatic pain.

He takes us out to ride at times,  
 To prove the need of air ;—  
 He pulls the wool o'er blind men's eyes,  
 But bald heads have no hair.

Our little town is all agog,  
 With gossips old and young ;—  
 And what a business he would have  
 If he only had a son.

A son to pat us on the back  
 And call us young again ;—  
 Who would care when they came back  
 Or how about the train !

By deeds of skill he made his fame,  
 And on this "rep" he takes the cash ;—  
 And sick or well, it's just the same,  
 You need medicinal hash !

Let us hope that he'll survive,  
 And help us all he knows,  
 For none would care to stay alive  
 If up should go his toes.

But should our Lord attend his case  
 And prescribe for his ills ;—  
 May he remember with what grace  
 He took our dollar bills !

## THE PUBLIC GIVER.

---

I am a great public giver,  
 On the European plan,  
 That is, the gracious receiver  
 Must say *I* am the man !

Now, in the city of W———r,  
 To the cream of the town,  
 If I am a fair reader  
 He gave a million down !

For the handsomest college  
 That the money could build,  
 For the advancement of knowledge  
 To the very well filled !

But not for the poor and studious,  
 Who are without the means,  
 But for the rich and luxurious  
 Who wallow in gleams.

For the poor can never enter  
 That great bronzen door !  
 It is only for the scholar  
 With his volumes of lore.

And the name of the giver  
 Will be chiseled in stone !  
 As a fitting reminder  
 And for the deed alone.

The poor are still hungry !  
 The sick are in bed !  
 But heed not the needy  
 And feed the well fed !

And in your donation  
 If to make a big spread,  
 A college is the notion  
 For it stands when you're dead !

## AT NEWPORT CLIFFS.

---

I stood at night upon the cliffs  
 That sternly face the Newport sea ;—  
 And watched the breakers rolling in,  
 And heard their wild, sad minstrelsy.

The moon was in its splendor bright,  
 Its pale light falling on the sea,  
 That leaped and pounced among the crags  
 That moved to sway in melody.

Above my head the palace soared,  
 Below me stood the fisher's cot ;  
 I saw the scene that favored both  
 And felt the wisdom that it taught.

---

I sit by my window and listen,  
 To the sweetly chiming bells ;  
 And their melody seems to christen  
 My soul with wondrous spells.

And now I gaze upon the moonlight,  
 As it fills the street below ;—  
 Mirroring fair and happy faces  
 And many full sad with woe.

For now, I see a pleading vagrant,  
 Who vainly asks for bread—  
 As she totters along the pavement  
 Wishing ! wishing ! to be dead.

Oh ! chimes, sweet with music to my ear,  
 Move her to better things below ;—  
 And teach as well the mighty million  
 Good and better deeds to show.

## ODE TO A MOSQUITO.

---

Vain minstrel of the evening train  
There is no charm within thy strain,  
And why persisting wilt thou play  
To me, who care not for thy lay?

Away ! disturber of my sleep !  
And force me not my vow to keep,  
Nor stay to tune thy airy harp,  
As though thou play'st with any sharp.

Dull bird ! thy simple touching strain  
Imparts more truth than I proclaim ;—  
For I have heard that from thy note  
The very best musicians quote !  
That all the music doth depend  
Upon the sounds that natures lend.

How now ! for this audacious bird  
Can I forgive the cheek bestirred,  
If notes that charm this ear of mine  
But signify what has been thine?

And yet I ne'er can wear the ore,  
Though the diamond be its core ;—  
So I reject thy serenade,  
Although it has a Mozart made.

---

## ARE WE PULLING OTHERS DOWN.

---

In this world of fleeting chances,  
Where we all desire renown,  
Do we thrive by mean advances,  
Are we pulling others down?

Did you gain your place by merit,  
 Have you worked on honest ground ;—  
 Unassuming is the ferret,  
 Are you pulling others down ?

Are you sure you were elected,  
 Do you own the envied crown ;—  
 Have you craft and fraud rejected,  
 Are you pulling others down ?

Did you win your love by fairness,  
 Was your suit with truth profound ;—  
 Have you left no heart in sadness,  
 Are you pulling others down ?

In this world so great with pleasure,  
 Are you spreading cares around ;—  
 Have you crushed some struggling creature,  
 Are you pulling others down ?

Have you felt the pangs of hunger,  
 Do you look for true renown ?  
 Rise by helping one another,  
 Love can never pull you down !

Lift the fallen, soothe the wretched !  
 Let your life with good abound ;—  
 All are great with this respected,  
 None shall rise by pulling down !

Alone in thought and meditation,  
 Brooding over the wasted past,  
 Regretting all my hasty actions,  
 Promising it will be the last.

Haunted by a reproachful vision,  
 Fearful to-morrow grants no change,  
 I long for the earth's quiet dwelling  
 And departure from life's dark range.



And I gaze upon the lamp-lit picture  
 That hangs suspended on the wall,  
 The great and only Napoleon,  
 Prolific in his sad downfall !

As I look into his downcast face,  
 Neglected in his rock-bound seat,  
 Looking out into the ocean,  
 Another "Waterloo" beyond retreat !

My hopes seem to be growing brighter,  
 For a soldier's in the room !  
 And my cares are lifting from me  
 In the great Napoleon's gloom !

And who cannot look about them,  
 No matter how bowed down with care,  
 And always find alleviation,  
 In another's far greater share ?

---

We lingered by the shaded rock,  
 Beneath the wide-spread tree ;—  
 A resting there to dream and talk  
 And tented thoughts to free.

We saw the day's declining light,  
 Steal softly from our view ;—  
 And felt the cool and quiet night  
 Had bid our cares adieu.

Oh ! thou calm and rapturous spot,  
 Had minds thy peaceful store ;—  
 Sweet and lasting would be their lot,  
 How great their earthly lore.

Just here an evening bird did sing,  
 In vain we tried to end the rhyme ;—  
 But gave it up with quite a sting,  
 And skipped before mosquito time.

### TO A HELIOTROPE.

---

Stay, guest within my chamber,  
 Welcome to the place you hold,  
 As are the thoughts you render  
 To the dwelling of my soul.

Sweet reminder of a Being,  
 Stay, and in thy meekly way,  
 Still retain to earth a seeming,  
 Warmed by more than Heaven's ray.

---

### SHIPS THAT NEVER SAIL.

---

In my hours of needed leisure,  
 Sad with life that seems to slave,  
 Ethereal tends my pleasure  
 Though my fetters bid me stay!

Thoughts alike are going, coming,  
 Building ships that never sail!  
 Coursing rivers never flowing,  
 Making time an idle tale!

Though vain are all my fancies  
 Scarcely uttered into thought;—  
 Yet the beauty of a flower  
 Is a painted daub on cloth.

Softly, then, with your reflection,  
 On this poorly metered line;—  
 'Tis a chord of my affection  
 Slowly coming into time!

God may make and rule the ocean,  
 Man, the ships that *he* can scale;—  
 But forever my creation  
 Be the ships that never sail.

## THE DYING GULL.

---

Oft hast thou soared in dizzy flight,  
 But now thy course deludes thy sight ;—  
 And boldly plunged into the main  
 That chills thy heart, that yields the pain.  
 Poor bird ! kind death hath hushed thine ear  
 To those who know thou art so dear ;—  
 Who from the cliff, that fronts the sea,  
 Call, call, in vain, in vain for thee !  
 And now, thy mate moves o'er thy head  
 To turn in swiftness from the dead ;—  
 For death's last sleep hath closed thine eye,  
 And the great waves that pass thee by  
 Murmur a sad dirge on the way,  
 For a spirit hath flown away.

---

I saunter by the coming tide,  
 Alone upon the sea-strewn shore,  
 And yet forever at my side  
 Seems a spirit wandering o'er.

The cold dull thud of the sea  
 Beguiles me with that sweeter lay,  
 That touched our souls in harmony  
 And moved our hearts but in one way.

I linger by the familiar seat  
 Where oft I named the stars above,  
 And there, again, thy thoughtless retreat  
 But moves me to thee in my love.

O soul ! art thou forever gone,  
 Or dost thou sometimes seem with me ?  
 And do I sit but here alone  
 Or am I on the shore with thee ?

## THE BROOK.

---

Upon thy banks, O, babbling stream,  
I learned and loved to idly dream ;—  
By thee I passed the hours of day  
In rudely dreaming time away.

Listening to thy idle song !  
Dreaming as it sallied on,  
To the little maid with leaky cup  
Who climbs the rock to catch a sup.

O ! blithesome brook, how like my dream  
Is thy noisy, prattling stream !  
Flowing o'er the golden sand  
On to its fall so near at hand.

Though ere so vain, the fevered brow  
Doth find a balm within thy flow ;—  
And thou, Oh ! dream, in youth so vain,  
Yieldeth hours to my life again.

---

Sing, little birds upon the branches,  
Merry warblers of the spring ;—  
Pleasing to me the varied fancies  
Thou art yearly wont to bring.

Refreshing now, thy spring-time chirrup,  
In the city's noisy din,  
As is the cooling breeze that prancing  
Marks with spray the river's brim.

Perplexed with cares that seem to weary.  
I yearn for thy freedom more !  
And that which I value so dearly  
Is but least of all thy store.

### TO A TEA-POT.

---

Dull urn, like harper of the self-same tune  
 That promotes a charm to the old maid's doom !  
 Methinks the abler bards have failed to sing  
 Of such as thee, meek inferior thing ;—  
 And yet, neglecting thee within their verse  
 But proves thy gain was with the reverse.  
 For left to the elderly virgin's tongue  
 Thou hast, throughout the world already sung,  
 With note more pleasing to the general ear  
 Than sweeter strains, no matter how they veer.  
 For who has not mused o'er the steaming pot,  
 While sweeter strains remain unsought ?  
 Yes, many a poet has sung and gone  
 While thy dull unmetered hum goes on !  
 Old maids ! beware ! I warn attend the urn,  
 For poets soon may have their sumptuous turn  
 And vie with far more sweeter strains  
 Than thy simple, hissing urn proclaims.

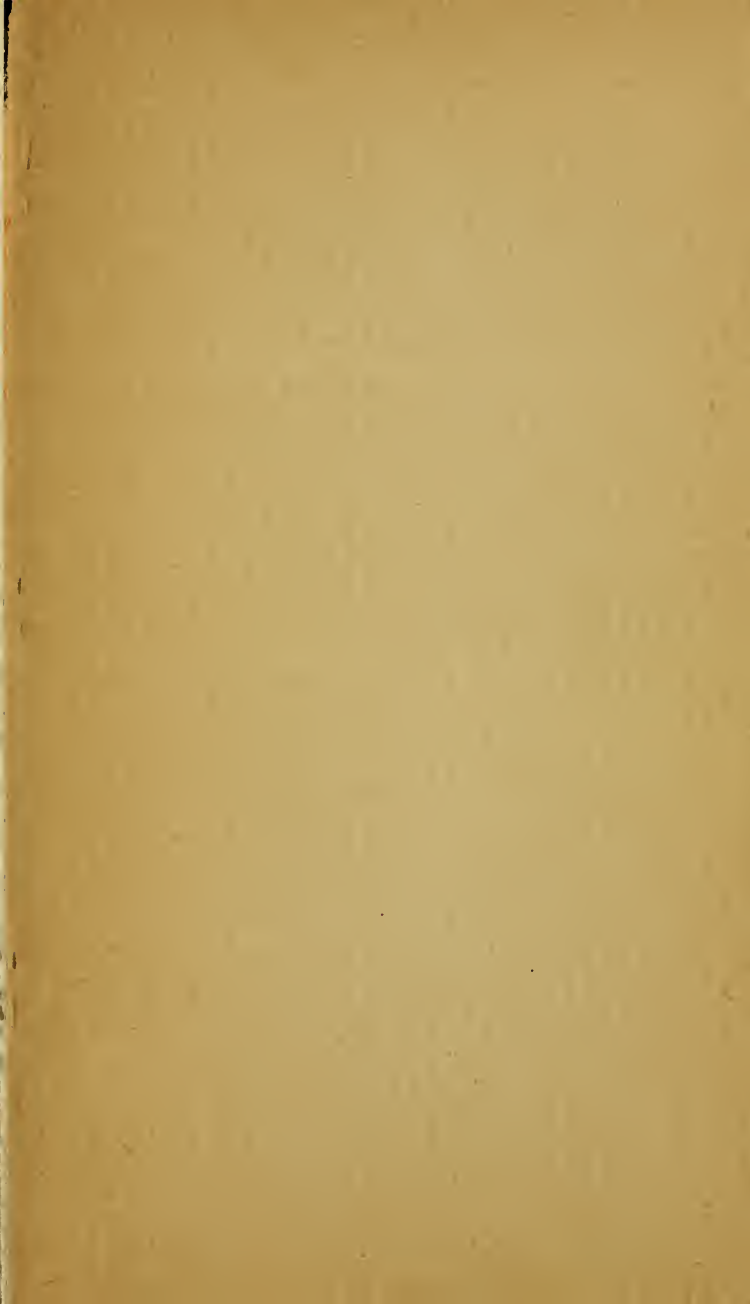
The moon beams forth in grandeur,  
As I in my chamber sit ;—  
And night is bathed in brightness  
While my humble room is lit.

The world 's abed and sleeping  
And the midnight guard moves on ;—  
While I my vigil keeping  
With the old rejected song !

For poets live and vanquish  
Like the shadows of a night ;—  
They sing, and starve, and languish,  
While the world is ever bright.

An attic and a rag-heap  
Tells where they sung and died ;—  
And Muses paid their visits  
Where cities point with pride !

And this is true distinction,  
And still the ready fate ;—  
For Muses court starvation  
While fools grow fat with state.



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